

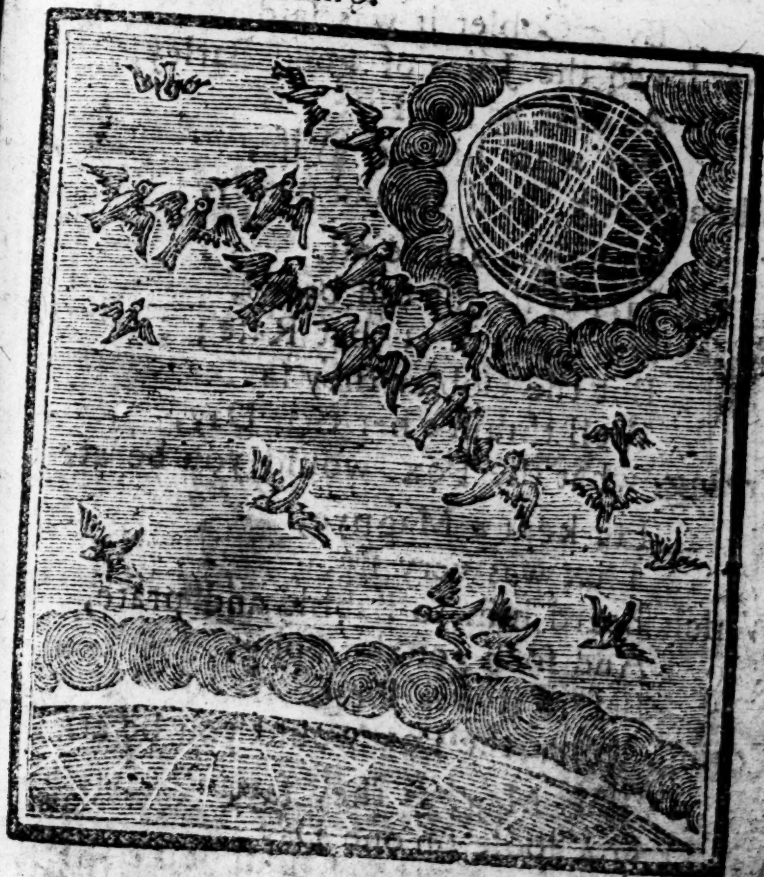
1762. a. 2
41

A GARLAND

OF
NEW SONGS,

CONTAINING

1. The drunken-Cobler; or, the prating
2. The complying Shiphherdess. [Magpyc
3. What can the matter be?
4. Dickv Gossip.



The drunken Cobler ; or, the prating Magpye.

PRAY Neighbours give ear.
 And soon you shall hear,
 A Jest that is certainly true ;
 Which happen'd of late,
 Not of an old Date,
 As now I may tell unto you.
 This Jest it was play'd,
 By a Cobler it was said,
 That loved the Juice of good Barley,
 As dear as his Life,
 But with his old Wife,
 When drunk, he'd lie and parley.
 One time above all,
 His Wife she did brawl,
 To see him come in at that Rate ;
 But the Cobler they say,
 Well thrash't her that Day,
 Crying, what the Pox would you be at.
 He kept a Magpye,
 That was very fly,
 Which heard him to babble and prate,
 And soon got the song,
 Before it was long,
 Crying, What the Pox would you be at.
 This Mag, as they say,
 Got loose on one Day,

And into a meeting did get ;
 And as the old Parson,
 Was saying his Lesson,
 Cryed, What the Pox would you be at.

The parson surpris'd,
 He turn'd up his Eyes,
 Crying, Father, pray help me in Need;
 For Satan, I fear,
 Does visit us here,
 Pray send me some Succour with speed.

He began to explain,
 The Scriptures again,
 To those that around him were set ;
 But Mag, as it said,
 Still sat o'er his Head,
 Crying, What the Pox would you be at,

The Parson he leapt,
 Five Yards at one Step,
 From the Pulpit unto the Floor ;
 And left all his Saints,
 Most ready to faint,
 Whilst he run out of the Meeting-house Door.

A sanctified Soul,
 Who thought to controul,
 Poor Mag, and he stared in his Face ;
 Cry'd, Satan how dare
 You thus to come here,
 On thus our most sanctified Place.

But Mag she did prance
 Nay, cap and dance;
 And after did chatter and prate;
 But still kept her Tone,
 Whilst she was alone,
 Crying, What the Pox would you be at.
 The Chanters begun
 All of them to run,
 Without Hoods, likewise without Fans;
 But Mag followed after,
 Which caused a great Laughter.
 Crying, what the Pox would you be at.
 And so to conclude
 My merry new Song,
 For in it there is never a Lie;
 For the whigs they did fear
 The Devil was there,
 And it was but a poor Magpye.

The Complaining Shepherdess.

THERE was a bonny young Lad,
 Once keeping a wee-pickle Sheep;
 And there was a pretty young Lass,
 A wading the water so deep;
 And wading the water so deep,
 It came almost up to her Knee;
 Which forc'd her to cry, Bonny Lad,
 Come wade this Water with me,
 The Youth very shyly reply'd,
 I begg'd but one Kiss of you,

And then I with Scorn was deny'd,
 Though I offer'd to carry you through;
 Then how can you think cruel Maid,
 I'll do any favour for thee,
 Who rather would venture to wade,
 Than give one poor Kiss unto me.
 The Nymph cry'd, Dear Shepherd come on,
 Tho' I know you have serv'd me before,
 When sometimes I have given you one,
 You have scarce been content with a Score:
 However, for once do no stand;
 For my head now so dizzy is grown,
 That unless you take hold of my Hand,
 The stream it will carry me down.
 Come pay me my Wage pretty Maid,
 For I cannot stay with you long;
 Said she, Go to yonder green Sade,
 And there I will sing you a Song.
 All the Way the Shepherd look'd sad,
 And when on the Bank they were set,
 She blush'd for thee too bashful Lad,
 And shew'd him how she was wet.
 The Lad full of Love and Desire,
 Ran in, and embraced his Dear;
 Nor was the Lefs free from Love's fire,
 Thought trembling with Cold and with Fear.
 Then catching her up in his Arms,
 He thought he had got thro' too soon,

So mightily pleas'd with her Charms,
He sigh'd when he set her down.

As he look'd, there came whizzing a Dart,
Which Cupid had shot from his Bow,
Which wounded the Lad to the Heart,
And thus he began bet to woo:

My Dear, I've twenty young Lambs,
Now feeding upon yon Lee;
I'll give you both them and their Dams,
If thou wilt marry with me.

It was that only made me so sad,
That these few are all that is mine;

But if I a Thousand more had,
My dearest they all should be thine:

Thy Looks are sweet without air,
That when thou dost dance on the Green,
No Shepherd is sure of his Heart,
But he cries, of all Nymphs she's the Queen.

The Nymph then whose Cheeks like the Rose
Were stain'd with a beautiful Red,

Did thus her kind Passion disclose,
Whilst blushing she he'd down her Head.

When first that you came on our Plain,
And gambol'd amongst the rest,

I thought you the happiest Swain,
Though many Face fairer were drest.

Since then I have ne'er been at Ease,
But often frequented thou knows;

For no other Pasture could please,
Which made me drive thither my Ewes :
It was not the Grass, nor the Shape,
The Water, the Wood: nor the Hay ;
But the Heart of a languishing Maid,
That led me so often astray.

What can the matter be ?

AT sixteen years old you could get little good of me,
Then I saw Norah who soon understood of me,
I was in love—but myself for the blood of me,
Could not tell what I did ail.

'Twas dear, dear, what can the matter be
O h, blood and ouns ! what can the matter be ?
Och, Gramachree, what cad the matter be ?

Bother'd from head to the tail.

I went to confess me to Father O'Flannagan,
I told him my case—made an end—then began again,
Father, says I, make me soon my own man again,
If you find out what I ail.

Dear, dear, says he, what can thee matter be ?
Och, blood and ouns, can you tell what the matter be ?
Both cried, what can the matter be ?

Bother'd from head to the tail.

Soen I fell sick and did bellow and curse again ;
Norah took pity to see me at nurse again ;
Gave me a kiss : O zounds, that threw me worse again !
Well she knew what I did ail.

But dear, dear ! says she, what can the matter be ?
Och, blood and ouns ! my lass, what can the matter be ?
Both cry'd what can the matter be ?

Bother'd from head to the tail.

'Tis long ago now since I left Tipperary.
How strange growing older, our nature should vary,
All symptoms are of my ancient quondary,
For cannot tell now what I ail ;

O dear, dear, what could the matter be?
 Och, blood and ouns! what could the matter be?
 Och, Gramachree, what could the matter be;
 Botherd from head to the tail.

DICKY GOSSIP.

WHEN I was a Younker, I first was apprentic'd,
 Unto a gay Barber, so dapper and airy;
 I next was a Carpenter, then turn'd a Dentist,
 Then a Tailor, Good Lord! then an Apothecary.
 But for this trade or that,
 Why, they all come as pat,
 Why, they all come as pat as they can:
 For shaving and tooth drawing,
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
 Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip is the man.
 Tho' Taylor and Dentist but awkwardly tether,
 In both the vocations I still have my savings:
 And two of my trades couples rarely together,
 For Barber and Carpenter both deal in shavings.
 But for this trade or that,
 Why, they all come as pat,
 Why, they all come as pat as they can,
 For shaving and tooth-drawing,
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
 Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip, is the man.
 But blunders will happen in callings so various,
 I fancy they happen to some who are prouder,
 I once gave a patient, whose health was precarious,
 A terrible dose of my best shaving-powder.
 But for this trade or that,
 Why, they all come as pat,
 Why, they all come as pat as they can.
 For shaving and tooth drawing,
 Bleeding, cabbaging, and sawing,
 Dicky Gossip, Dicky Gossip, is the man.